Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
Theſe Lordes are viſited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Quee. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Berow. Our ſtates are forfait, ſeeke not to vndoo vs.
Roſa. It is not ſo, for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfait, being thoſe that ſue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some faire excuſe.
Quee. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were not you here but euen now, diſguyſde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduiſde?
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did reſpect her.
Quee. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me, when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it: *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your eare?
Roſa. Madame, he ſwore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourablie doth vphold his word.

King

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Lady ſuch an oth.
Roſal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Quee. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke ant: here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To daſh it lik a Chriſtmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſleight ſaine:
Some mumble newes, ſome trencher Knight, ſome Dick
That ſmyles, his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhees diſpoſd:
Tolde our intentes before: which once diſcloſd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the ſignes, wood but the ſigne of ſhee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke ſhalbe your ſhroude.
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Woundes like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere bin run.
Bero. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Entèr Clowne.

Ber. Welcome pure wit, thou partſt a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord ſir, they would know,